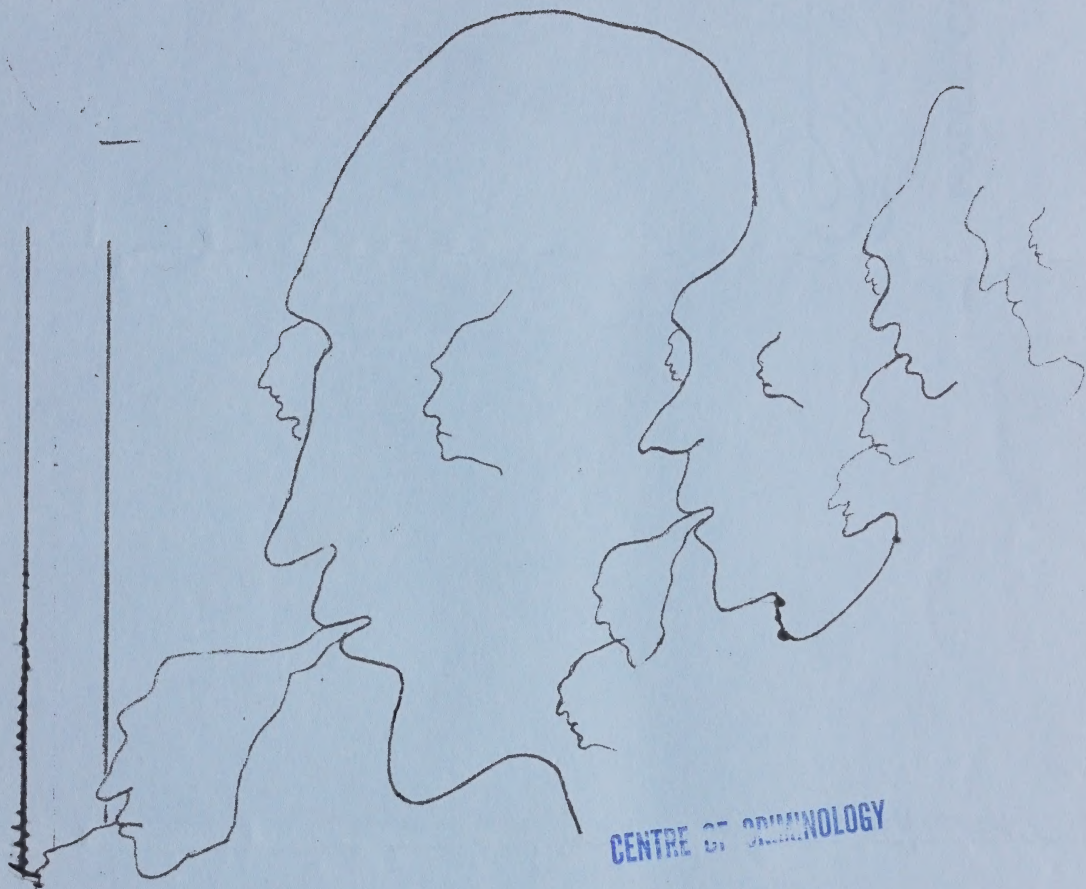


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JUL 15 1976

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The Echo





## PUBLICATION

The ECHO is published by and for the Dorchester Jaycee. Its purpose is to serve as a means of self expression by its members; to be informative to the public as well as to those men incarcerated; act as an avenue of communication of an encouraging nature between surrounding communities; and it is hoped its publication also serves as an enlightenment to your reading pleasure.

The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of JCI as a whole nor does any article contained within imply its publishers are of such opinion. The primary function of the ECHO is to communicate informative news on the activities of the Dorchester Jaycee unit.

Our reader is invited to participate in our endeavour by sharing with us any opinions, comments, news or ideas you may have on Jaycee activities.

PLEASE ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:

## Dorchester Youth Speak

EDITOR  
THE ECHO  
DORCHESTER JAYCEES  
DRAWER A-B  
DORCHESTER, N.B.

Has Your unit appointed a member to help co-ordinate the Dorchester Jaycee's (Youth Speak) Project in your area?

This is a reminder that we are asking for your aid in this regard and hope to hear from each and every unit telling us that your unit has appointed a member to act as this co-ordinator.

Please remember that we are able to send speakers to do radio shows, High Schools, P.T.A. Meetings, Young Offenders Units in Correctional Centres, Rotary, Lions, and summer camps where young people gather for the summer months, or if your unit would like a speaker to come to one of your meetings to give a youth speak presentation, then please contact us as soon as possible.

If you have a subject that falls in the line of crime or criminal life styles, and would like it talked about by one of us, then, let us know. We have speakers on all subjects of life, and willing to tell you, the way it really is, and not the way you think it is from

reading so many reports that are at the best of times heresay.

The Youth Speak member is living proof of what life is to those that have lived the life of a criminal.

Let's help each other reach the summit, co-ordinate Youth Speak for the youth, the leaders of tomorrow that need us today. If you have a (A.O.Y. Program) then incept our Youth Speak into it. If you don't have one, then it is time that you had, have your co-ordinator write to us today. "to delay, may just way-lay some child".

Write To:

Youth Speak Committee  
C.O. Dorchester Jaycees  
P.O. Box A-B  
Dorchester, N.B. Canada

Have you ever thought that perhaps your own child could be doing the things the Youth Speak Member did when he was the age of your child, and look where the Youth Speak Member is today.

Don't wait, Youth Speak is a crime prevention program, we care...

"Focus  
on  
Youth"  
- Edition

## JAYCEE CREED

WE BELIEVE .....

THAT FAITH IN GOD GIVES MEANING AND PURPOSE TO  
HUMAN LIFE;

THAT THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN TRANSCENDS THE  
SOVEREIGNTY OF NATIONS;

THAT ECONOMIC JUSTICE CAN BEST BE WON BY FREE  
MEN THROUGH FREE ENTERPRISE;

THAT GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE OF LAWS RATHER THAN  
OF MEN;

THAT EARTH'S GREAT TREASURE LIES IN HUMAN PERSONALITY  
AND;

THAT SERVICE TO HUMANITY IS THE BEST WORK OF LIFE.

- Dorchester Jaycees

JULY 1976

### What Is a Leader?

*Capsuled Comments, Feb., p. 1*



ALTHOUGH many men strive for leadership, many of them have a rather hazy idea of what a leader actually is and does. Some thoughtful observations on the subject have been offered by Walter MacPeck:

"A leader is a person who is going somewhere—but not going alone. He takes others with him.

"His skill in setting up situations in which other people are willing to follow him and are happy to work with him is a precious skill called leadership.

"This skill is made up of . . . thoughtfulness and consideration for others, enthusiasm, the ability to share responsibility with others, and a multitude of other traits.

"But, fundamentally, a leader is one who leads, one who has a plan, one who keeps headed toward a goal and a purpose. He has the enthusiasm to keep moving forward in such a way that others gladly go with him."





D O R C H E S T E R   J A Y C E E S  
E X E C U T I V E   S T R U C T U R E   -   1 9 7 6

PRESIDENT ..... FREDERICK E. KENT  
VICE PRESIDENT ..... MELVIN REDDICK  
SECRETARY TREASURER .... PAUL G. YEATES  
DIRECTOR M & A ..... ROGER FULTON  
DIRECTOR W & M ..... FRANK KOZMA  
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DIRECTOR I.D. .... TOM WHITE  
  
PAST PRESIDENT ..... DOUG (S.T.R.E.T.C.H) ANDERSON  
JAYCEE LIAISON ..... DALE G. CROSS

~~~~~  
T H E   E C H O

Editor - Paul G. Yeates

CONTRIBUTIONS:    Doug Anderson  
                      Dave Towler  
                      Roger Fulton  
                      Larry Howe  
                      Fred Kent

*Guest article: Presido - Prime Time*

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THE ECHO IS A PENAL PUBLICATION

JULY 20 - 1976

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*"Thank you", all, for making this  
newsletter possible.*

# ME ditorial

In retrospect: childhood dreams and aspirations for many of us quite often revolved around induced thoughts of "being" a grown-up; where the world seemed to be so vast and overwhelmingly fascinating. A world of firemen and school-teachers; sparkling jewels and limitless adventures; whether they be in the land of Oz, or around the block with the friendly mailman. All of us had these same dreams in our time and undoubtedly these same wonders are readily available from our own children this very moment. The world of coloring-books and the Friendly Giant seems an appropriate moment for us to be agast at the thought of those very same children -- someday going to PRISON!

Scarry??? It should be! And it is! We're midway through the year 1976 now; a year that finds people the world throughout, re-appraising economic upheaval, enviromental neglect, and their own rule of order. Re-aporaising; regretting; and maintaining hope for improved changes to come. Walking into the future backwards?

Teaching our children in this day and age, how to contend with present world progress ever since the wheel, requires little effort from the immediate parent or guidians. Learning comes through exposure to out of home experience and adventure where the child absorbs his surroundings in awe of each new "happening"; whether it be a first touch of caterpillar, or tasting of a snowflake; always the functioning sense's absorb the terrestrial elements. From there, into the mind of that child.

Our emotions, as we know them, permit us accepted understanding: ---- and love; the ultimate expression to and from the young -- which we may or may not realize, demands no deliberste forethought. Nor does the feeling itself provide warning before engulfing the individual; rather, the functioning instincts of life are content for that duration of time.

Time -- . At the moment I can only think of one thing as I write this editorial, for it's worth, to the people on the other side of these prison - bars: Is your child vulnerable to our present means of existance? Are we all aware that the future is right here with us? Walking forward. Innocent -- and new. Waiting. -- unaware -- to be asked how they see the future. Perhaps the asking would even help us understand and appreciate -- and learn how to make a better future.

The meaning doesn't end with this editorial. Let's turn around and take a look at the children -- the future; There's much more there to learn from than our own regretful past.

ed.





# A Word from The President

This first month in office has been one of scrambling around on the part of the newly elected officers of this Jaycee unit, trying to get ourselves organized and a Y.O.P.A. drawn up.

The plans for INTRODUCTION-INDUCTION night are just about complete and now all we are waiting for is confirmation to our invitation to be returned.

Proposals for a couple of Ways & Means projects have been sent to the administration for approval and as of this writing we expect to have word back on these within the next few days. Hopefully by the time the ECHO goes to press, at least one of these projects will be off-and-running.

It looks as though one of the projects will be the undertaking of another cigar sale, but this is going to mean a bit of outside looking into on the part of our liaison officer to find a supplier.....

Earlier in the month the Dorchester unit received national recognition on the C B C radio program, "AS IT HAPPENS". Back in early March an elementary school in Saint John advertised on that program that they were in need of a "Red Ensign" flag. At that time I thought it might be a good project if we couldn't find one for them. This proved to be easier said than done. Several weeks and many letters later a Red Ensign was finally located at Government House in Victoria, B.C., which they sent to us. This was in turn sent to the school and the next thing I knew, I was asked by "AS IT HAPPENS" how we had found one for them. Two weeks later the letter was read by Alan Maitland of the C B C, over the air.

Friday, June 18, 1976 saw Executive Director, Jim McCleod coming into Dorchester for an orientation meeting. The orientation meeting sort of turned out to be a chewing-out meeting and I would just like to say Jim didn't pull any punches. As far as I am concerned, this was great; at least now we know where we stand with the Canada Jaycees. Hopefully the plans that the National Executive have for penal units will be forthcoming. In the near future.....

What have WE got planned? Well, I don't know if I should let the cat out of the bag -- but I will give you a little peek.....

The membership all feel that we are pretty good ball players and so a challenge has been issued to the Moncton-Riverview Jaycees to come in and try us out on the 29th of July. That is providing they can find nine players between the two units. If they don't show up they loose by default.....and will we ever rub it in.

"Come on you guys; dig out you high school spikes and let's see how good you really are."

Let's see.....we have, "High-ball Towler as pitcher; if we can dig a hole in the in-field to put S.T.R.E.T.C.H. Anderson in, we can have



as Short-stop. If you should get a hit, with Dave Hatfield on first base, you'll never reach it once he steps off the base and straddles the base' line! And if you run into him...well, that will be like running into a wall. Look; just let me say that we have such a strong team, that if we were to play against the Amherst unit, we just might have a tie game (????)

In closing this month, I would like to ask the Executive in all units in the A.R. that if your unit has an article that you would like published, just send it along to us and we will be more than pleased to put it in the ECHO. As for the National Executive; We hope that we will be able to publish a regular monthly article from the starting in August. We take anything and everything. Jokes, Stories, Reports on events within the unit, Pin-Ups of Presidents for a center-fold (Smile) .... so get them coming in. WE don't want to hog all the pages in the ECHO. Let's make it an A.R. Monthly.. Bye for now; and I'll see you all next month.

Fred.

////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////

DON'T HIDE THE PRIDE

BY: FREDERICK E. KENT. PRESIDENT

Late last month this unit received a flyer, signed MAC and bearing the post-mark; SUSSEX, N.B. This can only mean our Executive Director is off to a running start for this new Jaycee Year by bringing into being this new concept of Regional Communication. This being the case I would like to take this time and space to let the Dorchester Jaycee's "HIDE THE PRIDE" and speak out.

Over the past several months as Secretary-Treasurer as well as President of this unit, I have had the occasion to correspond with the chairman, of Committee's; Unit President's and unit Secretaries and with the exception of one unit, (and they are slow) these letters have all gone unanswered. At first I thought this was probably an oversight on part of one or two of the units and therefore didn't think too much about it. But now it seems that it has gone beyond the point of being funny. During the month of May I wrote a total of twenty-one (21) letters to both the National Executive in the A.R. as well as Unit President's and/or Past President's. Of those twenty-one (21) letters I have to-date (June 20th) received three (3) replies. No matter how you add it up this is a darn low average. As a matter of fact it is 1/7th or if you prefer 14.285%. Looking back over the last year's Correspondence I found the percentage to be lower still; 4.136%.

Now to say I was disturbed with these finds, would be putting it mildly.

--continued.

I was worried. So worried in fact, that I took to reading the obituary columns of all the daily newspapers in the Maritimes, thinking I would be dismayed to read of the passing of these executives; and at such a tender age.(tut-tut). But then this can't be possible for they haven't shown up in any of the papers. A check of the local hospitals also failed to reveal that any of these persons had been admitted with broken bones lying between the tips of the fingers and the shoulder. Could it be, last year's strike in the paper industry has left these units without paper? I doubt it.

I don't figure that, this unit, is without fault but I can say in all honesty, that when we receive mail from other units, it is our policy to get at it right away. All mail received during the week, if requiring an immediate answer, is done at once. Anything that can wait is held until the week-end. By Sunday night the incoming mail-basket is empty and the outgoing is full.

As far as I am concerned, failure to answer correspondence is not only the height of bad manners, but also very discouraging for a unit whose only means of communication is the mail. When you mail a letter to us you expect an answer and you get one. Remember, it's a two (2) way street; we would like to have the same in return.

When Jim McLeod was here on the 18th, this problem was mentioned to him and from the answer I got from him, this problem exists not only on a unit to unit level, but also on a unit to National level.

COMMUNICATION is vital to membership retention and to inter-unit participation and co-operation. Without it the Jaycee's around the world will fall flat on their butts. Do you want JAYCEE'S....? I DO!

DO YOU OWE SOMEONE A LETTER?

WRITE TODAY!





"Your Kids!"

BY: STRETCH

"I have something to bring up with the A.R. Jaycees."

Vandalism is a crime.

Smoking 'pot' is a crime.

'Joy'riding in a stolden car is a crime.

Stealing from stores is a crime.

"On and it goes."

"To you the Jaycee citizen, it is your responsibility, your duty, your creed, to put a stop to the above crimes."

"How do you stop it?", you may ask.

"Well, I don't know all the answers but I do know one good answer."

" YOUTH SPEAK! "

"The Dorchester Jaycees have a Youth Speak program. This program is designed, for us to go to your schools, summer camps, reform schools, community centers, etc. and talk to the young (possibly your child) about crime, prisons, and the disadvantage of crime. Our aim is to prevent the young people from coming into this Penitentiary."

" YOU JAYCEES CAN HELP STAMP OUT JUVENILE DELINQUENCY BY CO-ORDINATING A YOUTH SPEAK ENGAGEMENT IN YOUR AREA! "

"I suggest to you; your babies of today , are the potential criminals of tomorrow."

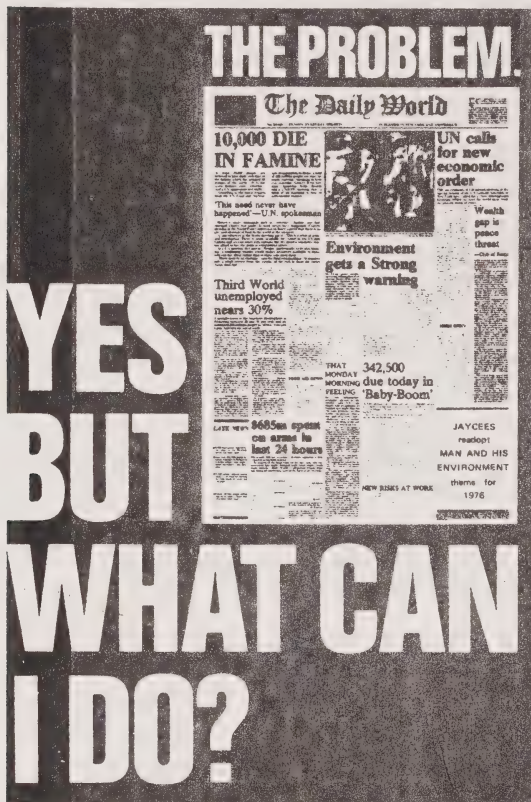
" THINK ABOUT IT."

"Then "ACT" positive and contact :

YOUTH SPEAK  
DORCHESTER JAYCEES  
DRAWER "A"  
DORCHESTER, N.B.

Doug Anderson  
Past President  
Dorchester Jaycees





*This is a frequent reaction we hear when talking to Jaycees about MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT. It seems that the issues raised by our major emphasis theme may be just too large and the action required just too massive for one LOM to handle. Let's see whether this view must be the final verdict.*

MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT consists of study and action of five environmental components: pollution, population, food, industrialization, natural resources.

MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT is about survival and justice and a decent life. It is a magnificent vision of the interdependence of all mankind, of human rights and freedoms and a grand concept of environmental balance.

*Visions and concepts are talked to death.*

We must act positively. If we make many small steps, others can join us, so we can all reach the grand objective little by little. That's how to grasp man, how to handle his environment: by action. We shall no longer just talk about the problem. Others shall talk about our actions.

Action is ...

- ... planting trees *in* the city.
- ... constructing a solar heater or a waste converter.
- ... persuading the city council *not* to sweep the streets for a day and see what happens.
- ... petitioning for environmental impact studies before construction work is permitted.
- ... telling and showing the people about family planning.
- ... uniting all local outdoor/sports/ wildlife/civic clubs in one environmental lobby.
- ... educating industry about raw materials efficiency.
- ... policing existing environmental protection laws.
- ... proposing taxation schemes which reward environmental concerns.
- ... branding vehicles which foul the air.

Most of these are possible projects for your LOM. Most of these can be started by one person and run by a small team of Jaycees.

# YES, THERE IS A LOT YOU CAN DO!

- LOM  
BULLETIN

## A PAROLEE'S PRAYER

Most men want to forget their mistakes and failures  
but help me to remember...

When I breath deepest of the air outside,  
Lord, make me remember that air within walls  
which always seemed tainted...

If I should saunter through a park some evening,  
don't let me forget the monotonous  
marching to and fro, day in and day out...

When I may not be able to do many things  
I shall want to do, Lord, have me remember the long hours  
when I was confined to a cell and had no choice...

Before I become too inquisitive and  
acquisitive, recall to me the bitter, bitter consequences  
I have suffered in the past from the same trials...

And should circumstances make an unpleasant demand  
upon a large part of my time, let memory  
revive the period when my time was not my own to spend...

During the days that I shall have no money  
for extra pleasures, Lord, have me think of the endless  
years when a few cents was something to look forward to...

When I am free, Lord, I want to remember,  
not forget!

Anon.

## "HUMOR"

As the boy set out for his first day in the junior high school, his mother warned him, "those ninth-graders are likely to look pretty big to you!" The son returned home that day, visibly shaken. "It wasn't the ninth-graders who looked so big," he explained. "It was the seventh-grade girls."

While we were browsing in a store supplied with merchandise made by inmates of a nearby penitentiary we came upon a greeting card designed by one of the prisoners. On the face of the card was part of a message: I'd write more often, but..... The inside page, decorated with a sketch of a striped-suited, ball and chained prisoner, said; ".....it takes so long to finish a sentence."



- by 'Ray

# SELF

"Awareness"

One of the most enervating experiences of incarceration is the great loss of self identity. For the individual it is a continuing state.

It is not -- like some people assume -- the same as the experience in the army-type of reception where the raw greenhorn or recruit is "stripped" and supplied with ill-fitting uniform: The soldier soon (and is encouraged to do so) distinguishes himself from his fellows -- by earning proficiency badges, rank and even decorations. Not so the penitentiary inmate.

He must struggle, otherwise become "institutionalized"; an automation.

AUTOMATION???? re: Das Energi  
.... millions upon millions of living dead -- done by the electric can-opener, the automobile; progress -- our most important product; 'babies' -- our business; time is money -- and life is -- \$\$\$\$\$\$.

The struggles that inmates endure, while constantly people tell us "remember where you are" are manifested in a number of ways to individualize the inmate against institutionalization. To name a few: tattooing, false fronts, poses, or similar behavior, and the familiar "rebellious" built up basically by the constant "remember where you are" (precisely what we are trying to forget)

Some inmates are able instead, to distinguish themselves through use of their intellect by: reading, studying different trades or courses, taking up a hobby, or intergrading with a self-help group usually found within such institutions.

Our method of showing our individuality is different and healthy. WE ARE JAYCEES. We try to think and act upon the beliefs of our Jaycee creed.

This almost impossible to do at times -- with people constantly telling us:

"REMEMBER WHERE YOU ARE"

There exist within everyone, a need for others to help encourage and stimulate 'self' identity. This is good for us -- good for everyone.

There exists within JAYCEES opportunities for each of the members to earn awards and otherwise distinguish ourselves. This is a chance for us to be recognized for something -- other than our past transgressions -- or as convicts.

We can learn in the Jaycee spirit, how to work together towards common objectives. We can identify with people in "free" society and through helping others, help ourselves.

An encouraging note:

dear abby:

if we merge into group consciousness and Unity, will i lose my individuality? i've had it a long time, and am rather attached to it.

'concerned'

dear 'concerned':

we already are one being. you are still an individual, so clearly there's nothing to worry about. in fact the more you are aware of and act like yourself, the more valuable you are to the total creature.

love, abby

Dorchester, N.B. June 15th

1 9 7 6

The Native Brotherhood of Dorchester Penitentiary recently celebrated it's first Anniversary with the Non-status & Metis Association of New Brunswick.

Approximately fifty people attended this celebration with members of several of the locals being represented.

Speakers of these Maritime locals were asked to speak on various topics pertaining to the incarcerated native people. Subjects covered such things as; parole after release, the retention of identity while in prison, and the supporting of cultural programs which have been initiated by the Brotherhood for the development of cultural awareness while in prison.

Mrs. Ed Miller, of Big Cove, spoke of the importance of cultural awareness through the study of the Indian language and presented her love to the "brothers" at the prison who recently completed the language course in Dorchester. It was expressed that it is unfortunate certificates for this course which were to be awarded at this time were not yet back from the printer. It should be noted; Ann Dobson of Dorchester Village also completed the Mic-Mac language course given by Mrs. Miller, sitting shoulder to shoulder with the brothers in the penitentiary.

The Brotherhood, is an all Indian organization, within the walls of the Penitentiary; initiated by the brothers themselves. The aims of the Brotherhood are to initiate Cultural programs while in prison and hopefully that would contribute to a degree in the rehabilitation of some.

The Mic-Mac language course consisted of the reading and writing of the language. The Brotherhood has also started a Leathercraft training program which is being instructed by one of the brothers here in the prison. The Brotherhood hold regular business meetings by-monthly and to date outside participation at these meetings by members of the Non-status association of New Brunswick has been very gratifying. Presently the Brotherhood are also in the process of organizing and building a library of all Native History content.

---

*Life is much like a mirror -  
you get back no more than you  
give.*

---

- by Larry Howe

INDIAN BROTHERHOOD

////////////////////////////////////



"YOU, TOO, CAN BE A GREAT CANADIAN POET"

from weekend magaz:

"YOU, TOO, CAN BE A GREAT CANADIAN JAYCEE UNIT

( a poem )

THE DORCHESTER JAYCEES ARE  
RE-AWAKENING (this is the age of Aquarius)  
AND IT IS OUR DESIRE  
TO ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH EVERY  
JAYCEE UNIT IN CANADA.

We feel

this is worthwhile

because one of the aims of Jaycees is

Fellowship!

RIGHT? RIGHT!!

We would like to raise our

awareness

by knowing more about you, if

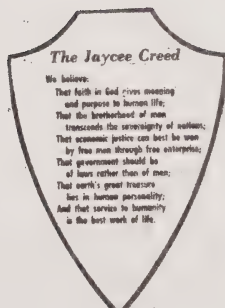
you will oblige?!!

Apoem sent

is a poem received

is a poem shared

is FELLOWSHIP!!!



Dorchester Jaycees  
Drawer A-B  
Dorchester, N.B.  
EOA 1MO

YOU .... ARE YOUR JAYCEE UNIT!

YOU .... ARE YOUR JAYCEE NEWSLETTER!

some members keep their organization strong.....  
while others join just to belong.  
some volunteer and do their share.....  
while some lie back and just don't care.  
on meeting days some always show.....  
while there are those who seldom go.  
some always pay their dues ahead.....  
some get behind for months instead.  
some do their best, some build, some make.....  
some never do -- just sit and take.  
some lag behind, some let things go.....  
and never help their unit to grow.  
some work, some, play, some don't, some do.....  
consider.....which of these are YOU?

.....

# ADOLESCENCE

by - David M. Towler  
D.D./P.P.

Universal Life Church

Many parents of today, have failed to profit by the more up-to-date sources of child-rearing wisdom, and apparently committed themselves to traditional methods of child training: the attitude of "spare the rod" and spoil the child" is today, still very much present in our society. Some parents even resent advice from an expert, as a reflection upon themselves.

The old-fashioned way of bringing up a child was to lay down the law and apply the rod if it was disobeyed. Youngsters were regarded as hellions who had to be civilized by a constant resort to punishment. No effort was made to understand the reasons behind naughty behavior. The enlightened adult is aware that emotional needs are at the base of a disciplinary problem. Modern child psychologists agree that corporal punishment serves only to confirm the youngster's feelings that he is unwanted and therefore unloved; the deeper a child feels alienated, the greater the problem becomes. "Loving, or good feelings, seem to come best after the mean ones have worn themselves out.

The function of the parent, or any adult dealing with children, is to help the child to learn how to handle his or her feelings -- how to face them, release them. When adult, show that they understand the child, the child then has a "desire" to understand the adult. The more we (adults) accept the child's feelings, the more the child will be willing to accept our rules.

Strange isn't it!; parents spend months trying to teach a new baby to speak a few words, then years telling the same child to "shut up"; children are to be seen and not heard. Perhaps the parent and child need a more obvious guide to a closer and more rewarding relationship.



"YOU, TOO, CAN BE A GREAT CANADIAN POET"

from weekend magazine

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( a poem )

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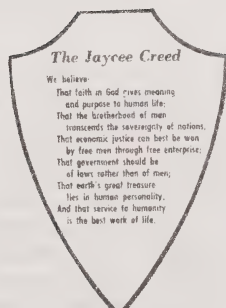
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Dorchester Jaycees  
Drawer A-B  
Dorchester, N.B.  
EOA 1NO

## PRESIDIO FICTION

# PRIME TIME

By E.L. Gerdes

"Mornin' Sam," said Dave Jones, rural mail carrier of Southeastern Clark County. He handed the *Clarksville Courier*, one letter, and a new Sears & Roebuck catalogue to Sam Ellis.

"Thanks, Dave. Any news from town?" Sam folded the newspaper under one arm, sticking the letter in a pocket of his blue-denim jacket. He held the catalogue in his large workgnarled hands.

"Yes. Old Widow Hendricks wants you to come in and mow her lawn and put up her storm windows."

Sam nodded his shaggy head. "Be last mow. Winter comin' on." He tugged the bill of his oil-stained cap. Jerking his head toward the engine in Dave's pickup he said, "Better shoot a shot of grease in that waterpump." The squeak could be distinctly heard.

"Time I got t winterized," said Dave. He held a burning wooden match to the bowl of his pipe. "Antifreeze goin' sty-high like everything else."

"Poor people ain't got a chance," said Sam, lighting his own pipe, a stained corncob model with a full bent stem. "Went in other day, bought me a new halter and rope at Johnson's Hardware—damn—cost me twelve-dollars-orty-seven-cents."

"How's that steer comin' along, Sam?"

"He's toppin' out now. Got him on ground ear corn and molasses. Been in the barn for one-hundred-forty-one days now." He puffed clouds of smoke into the crisp morning air. It was the third week in September.

"Sounds *prime*," said Dave.

Sam took the pipe from his mouth. He nodded silently, a sad look on his weathered face.

"Well, take it easy, Sam. Shall I tell Widow Hendricks you'll be in then?"

"You do that," said Sam. "Bout Saturday."

Dave put the pickup in gear. Sam watched the mailtruck as it weaved into the next mailbox down the gravel road. He walked briskly up the short lane to his old house. It was more shack than house. Living on social security, food stamps and welfare didn't leave much for home repair. Sam had to "patch up" as best he could. A bachelor all his sixty years, he fended his living from his annual garden, the pride of Clarksville, and from doing odd jobs for people in the community

of 2,500 citizens. He liked doing field work for neighboring farmers the best. Sam had tried working in a factory one winter but three short weeks in the bedlam of machines and smoke-ridden air had forced him to quit. Happily, he went back into the bright sun and freezing air of winter, maintaining his sustenance by snow-removal for the remainder of the season.

It was warm in the shack. Sam heated with oil, another thing he'd have to see Annie Williams about next trip in town. Annie was the welfare worker in Clarksville. Sam would go in, tell about his needing winter fuel, then Annie would make out the slip and call Ned Farley, the gas station owner, who would fill up Sam's oil tank which he had installed on the south side of his shack. He had built a lean-to sheltering the 200-gallon tank from the weather. Sam always scooped Annie's sidewalks for her. Her husband had passed on two years ago.

Sam felt good because he was needed. He had a slow-thinking, methodical mind. A whiz at innovation and repair, Sam could make the damndest repairs using old parts, odds and ends, and whatever, to make something go, stop leaking, or pouring forth its former means of worth. Sam Ellis was a very useful man.

The much-denied aluminum teakettle whistled a comforting sound on the back of the old-fashioned cookstove, a Franklin, one of the few remaining in use in the county. Sam filled the six cup percolator with the hot water, spooned coffee into the strainer, and placed the pot on the hot side of the black stove. From the sink, he took out and rinsed a stained porcelain coffee cup. He pumped the water from the short sinkpump on top of one side of the small sink. Sam kept plate, saucer and cup, and his silverware on a homemade drainboard by the sink. The only time he took another dish from the cupboard was when company came. Company was usually the mailman who would drop in for a quick cup of coffee during zero weather. Once in a while someone from town would drop in, usually to get Sam for needed work.

Using a dishrag worn thin with use, Sam wiped the tabletop. Pushing his cap to the back of his head, he sat in the wooden chair opening the letter. He placed plastic-rimmed glasses on his nose and they slid down



where he liked to wear them.

The letter was a receipt from the *Rolfe Daily Enterprise* for the ad he'd placed about finding the Aberdeen Angus calf which had mysteriously appeared on his acreage almost five months ago. Sam had advertised in all the newspapers in the vicinity, trying to locate the calf's rightful owner. No one answered his ads. He nodded silently. Opening the Sears catalogue to the index, Sam looked for the clothing section.

The coffee perked, filling the warmth of the shack with its delicious odor. Sam poured a cupful of the strong black brew, spooning in a heaping teaspoonful of sugar, making him feel guilty—old Doc Jameson had told him to lay off sugar—and he added a shot of condensed milk. He stirred the coffee slowly, the sound of the spoon in the cup tinkling pleasantly. He tamped his pipe with P.A., lighting it with a wooden match scraped beneath the wooden tabletop. He set about ordering long winter underwear, overalls, some denim shirts, woolen socks, and six pairs of cloth gloves. Totaling up the price, Sam winced. He made out the check for the amount, adding shipping charges, sealed the envelope, then poured himself another cup of coffee. He leaned the long white envelope against the aluminum salt and pepper shakers.

Sam checked the worklist on the lined paper of his writing tablet: grease the garden tractor, put on the snow blade, sharpen saw and grease, check for belt-dressing. Sam sawed cords of wood for Clarksville residents having fireplaces or wood-burning stoves. He delivered the wood in his old Chevy pickup with the stock rack he'd built from scrap lumber. Power for the saw was provided by the power-pulley on the garden tractor. Sam didn't trust chain saws. Last week he succeeded in locating some cedar trees, the logs prized by owners of fireplaces, especially during the oncoming Christmas season.

An animal's whine came from the front door of the shack. Opening the door, Sam saw his dog, Shep, tail wagging, eyes bright, holding a cottontail rabbit in his jaws.

"Well, boy. Got'cha 'nother one, didn't you? C'mon, then. Bring him in." Sam took the rabbit, patted the black and white mongrel affectionately, then took the rabbit behind the shack. He placed the rabbit on the ground, put one foot on its head, and grasped the rabbit by its hind legs. Pulling hard, he separated the rabbit's head from its torso. He held the game downward, letting it bleed good. Then he went to the small wooden table by the toolshed. He gutted and skinned the rabbit, tossing unwanted portions to the dog.

Inside the shack he rinsed the rabbit's flesh thoroughly with cold water from the sinkpump, then

laid the pink carcass on the drainboard. Once again, he petted Shep. "Third one this week, boy. Good huntin' I'd say." The dog pranced and rubbed happily against the legs of his master. Shep was Sam's loyal companion in the shack during long sub-zero nights. Sometimes Sam would speak to Shep as the dog lay at his feet near the Franklin stove. Shep would perk his ears, tilting his head from side to side while Sam talked to him. The dog's tail would thump lightly on the faded, rose-patterned linoleum. They enjoyed the intimacy of their close friendship.

Man, dog, and pipe, with a double-shot of whiskey was an ideal way to spend a cold winter's night. Sometimes Sam read aloud from novels while the wind howled and the wood snapped and crackled in the Franklin. He didn't like TV, preferring a small table radio from which he listened to news twice a day.

His loneliness was not felt, for he was accustomed to the ways of his solitary life, wanting only the simple needs to survive, and the strength from which to earn his keep. Sam was content.

"C'mon boy. Let's go take a look at Blackie." Sam walked the narrow, worn path to the small, weathered barn. Leaning against the bottom half of the closed door, Sam gazed with pride at the Black Angus steer who stood munching a morning ration of fresh hay. The steer turned dark eyes toward Sam. Shep placed his forepaws on the wooden door sill, wagging his bushy tail and barking excitedly. He was a little jealous of this black creature who took so much of his master's time. But he obeyed the sharp command to be silent. Circling the barn, Shep nosed for a fresh scent of game.

"Well, fella, you're sure toppin' out to a fine hunk of beef," Sam spoke to the steer. "Nine more days it'll be a hundred-and-fifty days you been puttin' on the prime cuts, Yessir, you're gonna be top-grade, all the way."

At intervals, the squat, short front legs of the Angus rose and fell one at a time as he shook off pestered flies. The steer moved the hay in the feedbunk. The animal was smooth, shiny black, and filled out to perfection. The meat would be tender, delicious, as only prime cuts can taste. Sam realized he had enough meat for a long time. But he was saddened at the loss he knew he would feel once the steer was slaughtered.

"Gotta be practical 'bout it," he said aloud. "Prices like they are, ain't no other way. Got to eat him or sell him. And if I sell him, somebody else will just eat him."

Sam felt strange, musing on the steer's being fattened for the plate. It didn't seem right in a way. Another way, it's a matter of self-survival. The

continuation of contributing selfworth for the existence of life. In this case, nourishment. Man didn't live by bread alone, thought Sam, recalling the Methodist preacher's words when Sam had proudly shown him the steer. Sam had caught the hint in the young minister's tone. The preacher had five children to feed. And for a man in a profession depending a lot on the generosity of others, Sam supposed the preacher had as much right to a share of the prime beef as anyone else. And it didn't hurt for a man to share a little of his own for the good of life. Life was too selfish the way it was.

It would be a pity to see a thing grow toward what it was destined to be only to see it falter or become ineligible at the last moment merely on the sentimental whim of one man.

After all, what was the real purpose in the life of this animal? Feeding the steer, sheltering it, caring for its health, all of this work has a direct line of meaningful purpose. It's the way of the world, the dominion of the animal man over the animal creature. Sam felt it was the strong feeding the weak.

It had been God's job to create life. As it was man's job to perpetuate it—life—and the sustenance for life meant some creature's death and being devoured by other creatures so that the latter might live to carry on the cycle of life as dictated by both

God and nature. Give and take, thought Sam. But only take as much as you give.

Sam made a mental note to make arrangements with Joe Denison, the butcher in Clarksville. He'd see him after finishing the work for Widow Hendricks on Saturday. Might be old Widow Hendricks would like a steak or two herself, and, of course, a sizeable chunk to the preacher.

Shep nuzzled Sam's hand. "Okay, boy. We'll fix it all up. Nine more days to go. Then you'll get a big bone. Enough bones for all winter if we store them in the woodshed. Bones and wood keep us fit for the winter."

Sam walked into the steer's stall. Hooking the rope to the steer's halter, he led the animal out of the barn to the water tank beneath the old, squeaking windmill. A light breeze blew chaffs of hay from the steer's broad head.

As the animal drank, Sam thought about the coming winter. He wondered how many winters he had left.

He wondered, if, like the prime Angus, it would be his last winter. After all, there was a time to live, a time to die, for everything. Then there was *prime time*, he thought.

Somehow, thought Sam, these last one-hundred-and-fifty days had fled far too fast.



this newsletter comes to you through the kind permission of the director, h.d. sheehan in conjunction with d.g. cross liaison for the dorchester jaycees.

acknowledgmentss also go out to those people who contributed their time in running-off stencils, photo-copying and, generally, helping to assure the ECHO would remain in cirrculation.

this being a penal publication we would like to remind the reader many barriers have been crossed to bring you this newsletter and it is our greatest desire that our endeavour will prompt you to partake in helping fulfill the common goal of stimulating human interests.

if you have received last month's edition of this newsletter, you will no doubt notice many improvements, both in the quantity and quality entertained witin the pages of the ECHO.

we're not the best, nor do we wish to be as such but; we do wish to promote communication between other jaycee units, the men and women incarcerated, and the public at large.

future issues of this newsletter are dependent on not only the interest displayed by the individual members of the dorchester jaycees, but in addition require the views and, or ideas of those people wishing to portray the ethical values that: in order to work together in making this a better world in which to live -- people need people'.

exploitation contrary to that realm is to induce further chaos within an already "shaky" world.

ed.

when a man is hungry:

to give him a rod is to confuse him;

to give him a fish is to feed him  
for a day;

but to teach him how to fish, is to  
feed him for a lifetime.

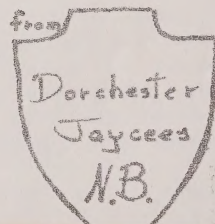


Smile

....."we're friendly"

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